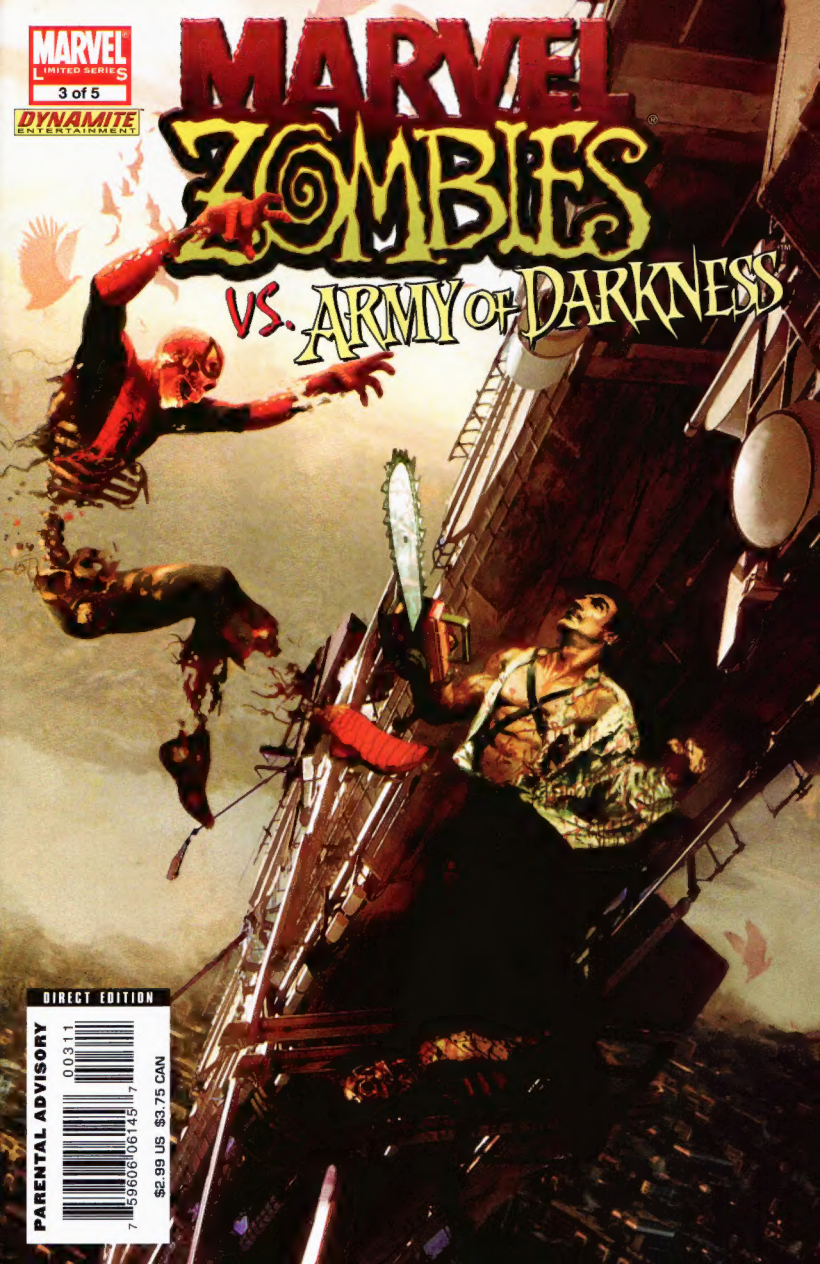


MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
3 of 5

DYNAMITE
ENTERTAINMENT

MARVEL ZOMBIES

VS. ARMY OF DARKNESS



DIRECT EDITION

PARENTAL ADVISORY



7 59606 06145 7

\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

PREVIOUSLY



MEET ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS—RETAIL CLERK TURNED DIMENSION-HOPPING ADVENTURER AND HERO. ASH SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME FIGHTING A VERITABLE ARMY OF DARKNESS COMPOSED OF THE TERRIFYING CREATURES KNOWN AS DEADITES, UNDER THE FOUL COMMAND OF THE NECRONOMICON (THE BOOK OF THE DEAD), BUT THE LAST THING ASH REMEMBERS NOW IS BEING DEAD HIMSELF—AND IN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEAVEN—CONFRONTING A HORRIFIC, ZOMBIFIED CREATURE IN YELLOW TIGHTS... THAT PUNCHED HIM INTO A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE.



UPON LANDING IN THIS WORLD, ASH LEARNS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE WEAR TIGHTS...AND HAVE SUPER POWERS...AND FIGHT CRIME...IT'S BASICALLY A WORLD OF BIZARRE MARVELS. THAT IS, UNTIL THE GUY IN THE YELLOW TIGHTS SHOWS UP, ALL UNDEAD, AND STARTS BITING THE OTHER GUYS IN TIGHTS AND TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES.



AFTER RUNNING INTO A FEW UNINFECTED HEROES, ASH SEES FIRSTHAND HOW CRAZY THIS WORLD WAS BEFORE THERE WERE ANY ZOMBIES. JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE OF FINDING HELP, HE RUNS INTO A HEROINE APPROPRIATELY NAMED "DAZZLER."



ASH TELLS DAZZLER THAT TO SAVE THIS WORLD HE MUST FIRST FIND THE NECRONOMICON. DAZZLER HAS A GOOD IDEA—THE FIRST ONE ASH HAS HEARD IN A WHILE—AND LEADS HIM TO THE HOUSE OF A SORCERER GUY NAMED DOCTOR STRANGE. THINGS ARE FINALLY LOOKING UP... WHEN ASH GETS GRABBED FROM BEHIND—AND GETS HIS HEAD CHOMPED ON BY A TALKING ZOMBIE-DUCK! WILL ASH SURVIVE—OR HAS HE JUST BEEN THE NEXT MEAL...



...OF THE MARVEL ZOMBIES!

MARVEL ZOMBIES/ARMY OF DARKNESS No. 3, July, 2007. Published Monthly by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2007 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All Marvel characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all Marvel related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. ARMY OF DARKNESS and all related characters are trademarks and/or copyrighted designs of Orion Pictures Corporation and are used with permission. TM & © 1993-2007 Orion Pictures Corporation. All rights reserved. Licensed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Inc. to Dynamic Forces, Inc. Dynamite Entertainment & its logo TM & © 2007 Dynamic Forces, Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$2.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032822) in the direct market. Canadian Agreement #A0668537. Printed in the USA. Dynamite Entertainment: NICK BARRICCI, President; JUAN COLLADO, Chief Operating Officer; JOE RYBANDT, Marketing Director. Marvel Publishing: ALAN FINE, CEO Marvel Toys & Publishing Division and CEO Marvel Entertainment, Inc.; DAVID GABRIEL, Senior VP of Publishing Sales & Circulation; DAVID BOGART, VP of Business Affairs & Editorial Operations; JIM BOYLE, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For further information on Dynamite Entertainment, visit www.dynamiteentertainment.com. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Malinone, Advertising Director, at jmalinone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9168.

Ashley Williams
always figured
he was meant for
greater things.



Being a hero.

Vanquishing the villains.
Saving the world. Getting
the girl.

All in a day's
work.

Instead, he was working
the dead-end shift at the
S-Mart housewares
department.



Sonny,
which way
to the adult
diapers?

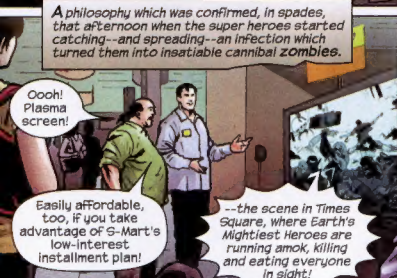
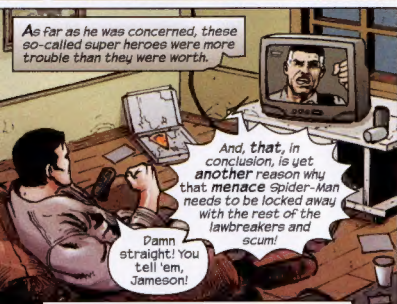
±sigh±

Thattaway.

Eh?

All day.

Every day.



He saw a lot of things
that were unspeakably
terrible that day.



Other things that
were unbelievably
strange.



But amidst
it all--

Step off, sprout,
or you're gonna end
up jolly green
purée.

VR-VR-VRPPPOONNN!!

--all the spectacle,
weirdness and abject
horror--

REEENRRRRREEEENN

--certainly the
single strangest
thing--

That's right,
young'un! Who's
disassembled
now?!

Wha--?!?



--was when Ashley & Williams came face-to-face with Ashley J. Williams.

We're in the right neighborhood.

Huh?



Come on! It's just up ahead--

What the--

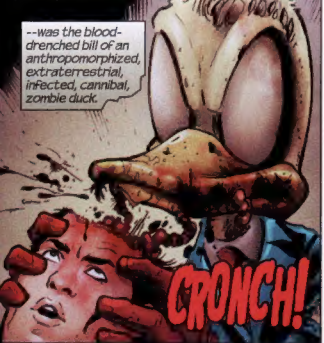


--Sorcerer Supreme Stephen Strange's *sanctum sanctorum*!

What went through the head of the Ash of this universe was almost indescribable...

...a perplexing sensation of *déjà vu*...mingled with the bittersweet regret of a lifetime of alternate choices...topped by the shocking realization that he was meeting the absolute personification of a destiny unfulfilled.

But, *mostly*, what went through that Ash's head at that particular moment in time--



--was the blood-drenched bill of an anthropomorphized, extraterrestrial, infected, cannibal, zombie duck.

CRONCH!



ASH!!!

Patience, sweetknees.

~munch~
~crunch~

You're next.



I don't think so.



Come now, princess. You're forgetting...

TAP TAP TAP

A big ol' honker like this'll be able to sniff you out, even if I can't see you.



Now, c'mere, you.



Not a chance, short stuff. Yer breakin' Ashley Williams' three cardinal rules.

Numero uno: Make Deadites deader.

Numero two-o: keep damsels from distress.

And numero three-o...

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
A DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION!

MARVEL ZOMBIES VS. THE ARMY OF DARKNESS

Do NOT
feed the
animals!

Billow

**PART
3
OF 5:**

NIGHT OF THE LIVID DEAD

JOHN
LAYMAN
WRITER

FABIANO
NEVES
ARTIST

JUNE
CHUNG
COLORIST

VC'S RUS
WOOTON
LETTERER

KATE
LEVIN
PRODUCTION

ROBERT
KIRKMAN
CONSULTANT

NICOLE BOOSE &
JOHN BARBER
CONSULTING EDITORS

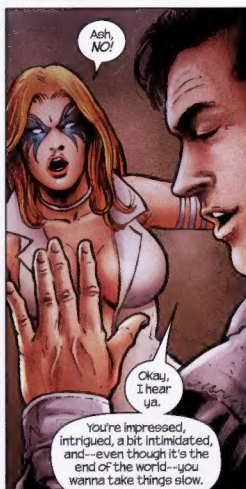
RALPH
MACCHIO
EDITOR

COVERS: ARTHUR SUYDAM (AFTER ROSS ANDRU; ALTERNATE COVER AFTER JIM STARLIN)

JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

SPECIAL THANKS TO: JON ROSENBERG, ALBERT J. PARK, KAROL MORA AT MGM





Ash Williams, ladies--
kicking *glass* and
taking names.

Are you
always like
this?



I-I don't
understand. Everybody
turning into zombies.
And you, Ash, I thought
you were--

A dead duck?
A victim of *FOW!*
play?



Him. I thought
you were
him.



His driver's
license says
"Ashley
Williams."


Handsome
fella. Whatta
shame.

Different
universe...
different
Ash.



So...the story about
Deadites destroying the
world and you coming
here from *another*
reality to save
the world...


You really
were telling
the truth.




Wanda, do *you* know what this is about? I'd heard some of the Avengers infected, and that *they* were spreading this thing.

Not *some*, Dazzler.

All of them.



"Colonel America put out an S.O.S. on the Avengers comlink to assemble the entire roster, reserves included.



"They ended up infecting almost the *entire* roster, present and past."



How did you--

I ran, Alison.



--Zombie
Storm God on
the prowl for
a midnight
snack.



C'mon, Wanda.
Don't give up hope
yet. I figure if anybody
knows where this
Necronomicon book
Ash needs is, it's
Dr. Strange.

He's upstairs.
I saw him earlier,
through the
window.



Alison, Stephen
Strange is aboard the
S.H.I.E.L.D. *helicarrier*.
Most of the surviving
heroes have gathered
here to plan a defense--
to start a *resistance*
against the...
infected.



So
whoever's
inside--?

Another
stinkin'
Deadite.



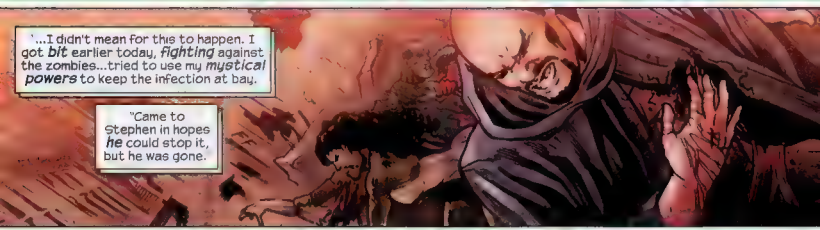
All right,
zombie
scum.

Whaddaya
have to say for
yourself--before
I blast ya to
kingdom come?

Doctor
Druid'




I...
...I'm
sorry...




...I didn't mean for this to happen. I
got *bite* earlier today, fighting against
the zombies...tried to use my *mystical*
powers to keep the infection at bay.

"Came to
Stephen in hopes
he could stop it,
but he was gone.



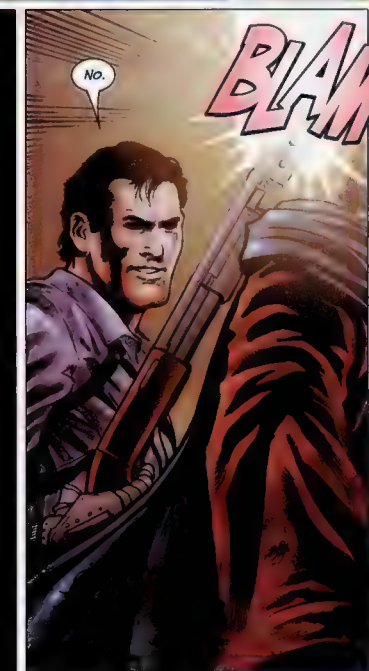
I didn't
want to hurt
Wong. But--this
hunger--it's so
powerful.

The more
I eat, the
hungrier I
get.



And I don't want
to eat you...I
really don't.

But I'm not
sure I have the
self-control
not to.

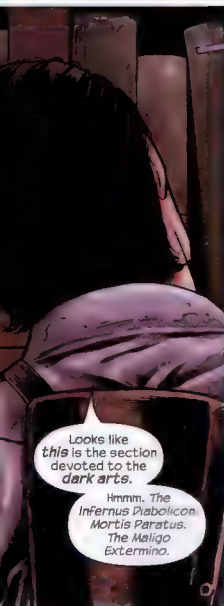




Here it is. The library of your magician friend, Professor Creepy or whoever.

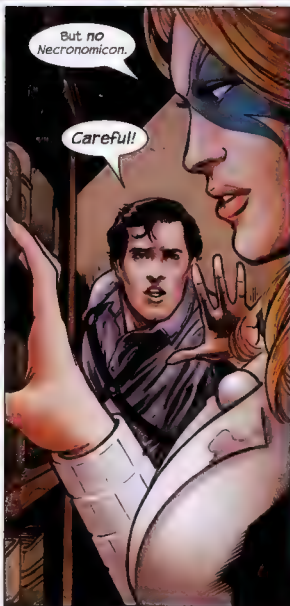
Dr. Strange.

Yeah him.



Looks like *this* is the section devoted to the dark arts.

Hmmm. The Infernus Diabolicus Mortis Paratus. The Maligo Extermino.



But *no* Necronomicon.

Careful!



Some of them bite.



Watch
and learn,
ladies.

All right, listen
up, you mangy heaps
of putrid parchment...I
need some *information*
about one of your own. Real
nasty piece of work called
the *Necronomicon*.



I need to know
where it is, pronto,
and you're going
to tell me.

Get bent,
fleshbag.



Wrong
answer.

AAAAAIIIIIIIIII



Okay, let's
try this again...
without the
attitude!




You! Are you
gonna talk--


--or am I
going to *abridge*
some of your
more *delicate*
passages?

Okay,
okav...take
it easy.

I'll tell
you what
you need to
know.



Since its creation, since it was translated from forbidden texts of an ancient Sumerian death cult, writ in blood on the flesh of the tortured and the damned, the *Necronomicon* has been sought after, fought over, even routinely *killed* for, by practitioners of the dark arts.



Ambitious occultists have pursued that malevolent tome for the mysteries it holds, its corrupted power over the souls of the departed. For decades the whereabouts of the book were unknown, but recently it *resurfaced* in the arcane collection of a particularly diabolical sorcerer--

I didn't ask for an entire damn *book* report. Just the *CliffsNotes*.

Now spit it out--where's the *Necronomicon*?

Latveria.

There. Wasn't that simple?

uh

uh oh

I've got a *Quinjet* not far from here. If we can *get* to it, we can be in Latveria in a matter of hours.

How's it look out there, Alison? Coast clear?



My God...
It just keeps
getting
worse.

Th-the
children.



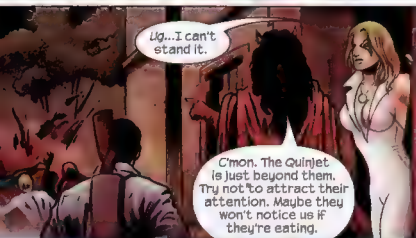
Children in
danger? Best
get *used*
to it.

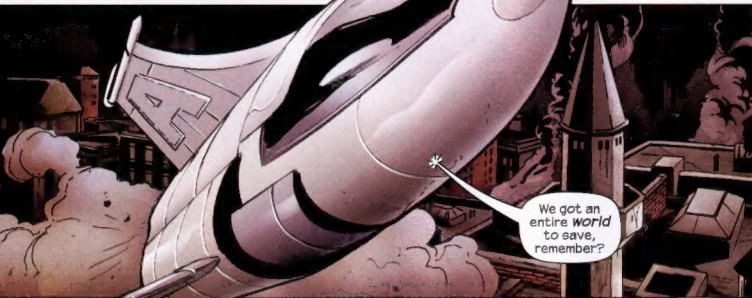
I got bad
news for you, Paz,
people are getting
offed left and right
out there, some of
them are gonna
be rug rats.

No...these
aren't children
in danger--



--these children
are danger."





Then, several long hours of this:

Sorry, Ash, there is *no* such a thing as a "Quinjet mile-high club"--and if you don't take your hand *off* my knee, I'm going to *break* it off.

Your loss, toots.

...
Are we there yet?

So... Latveria.

Nice place?

Hmph.

Sure it is. Except that its *ruler* is a bloodthirsty monster, bent on taking over the world, and the destruction of mankind.

And, uh...how exactly is that different than the *rest* of the infected superfolk?

The difference is...he's *not* infected.

Not yet, anyway. But if that's any indication, it's just a matter of time.

Which means *we're* the ones that are doomed.

Really??



'Cause I
was gonna say
"screwed."

TO BE CONTINUED!

TEAM DHTWO



Oroboros Scan - Onlyorko edit

NOW...

The World's
DEADLIEST
FIGHTING
SECRETS
Can Be Yours
...

FREE →

Digital Comics



Preservation

MAIL GUARANTEED NO-RISK COUPON NOW

ALT.BINARIES.COMICS.DCP